

CHEAP DRAMA
CRAZED HIM.

PLUCKY OLD MAN
BEATS BURGLARS.

Two Attack Him in His House, but He Gives Them a Good Fight.

ONE TRIES TO CHOKE HIM.

The Other Clubs Him on the
Head, but He Puts Them
to Flight.

A WAGON ALL READY FOR THEM.

Policemen Give Chase and, After a Struggle, Capture the Desperadoes—They Pretend They Had Been Drinking.

There were queer noises at the rear door of No. 183 Union avenue, Williamsburg, before dawn yesterday morning. Aged Conrad Balff and his feeble old wife, who live in the house, were aroused by the noises.

"Thieves are trying to get in," said Baillif, as he hurriedly arose and dressed himself.

He had just opened the door of his rooms leading to the hall when two men entered the house.

Baillif asked what they wanted, and be-

fore he realized his peril one of the men seized him by the throat and forced him against the wall. Then the other fellow struck the old man with some heavy weapon.

The intruders attacked him again and tried to force the old man into his room. He struggled more fiercely than before and when the burglars discovered that they were unable to conquer Balfi they gave him a parting kick and ran out of the house.

In the meantime Balff succeeded in re-covering himself, and he ran into the

He was heard by Policeman O'Mally, who hurried to his aid. The policeman saw the wagon being driven at a rapid rate toward Grand street, and, suspecting that something was wrong, he hastily got the story from Bulfinch and started in pursuit of the

As he ran he rapped for help and Police man Doherty responded. Both drew their revolvers, and in Grand street, near Lormer street, they succeeded in capturing the assailants. The men showed fight, but they were overpowered and taken to the station house, where they were held on charges of burglary and assault. They said they were Henry Vogt, of No. 291 South

Third street, and Frank Titus, of No. 54 Graham avenue. They tried to show that they had been drinking and were not responsible for their act.

When they were arraigned later in the Lee Avenue Police Court, Balif was on hand and Justice Kramer was informed that the old man was too ill to appear. The prisoners were remanded until to-day.

Balif is a retired pocketbook maker, and the prisoners were evidently under the in-

pression that he had a large sum of money in the house.

The Man Who Goes Away

ought to look as spruce as possible. Little things count—neat gloves, natty tie



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A BOON TO HUMANITY.—I am a harnessman within a few months of eighty years old, and may have a full set of harness before me ten years off. I came to Furlong's store here seven years ago from Jamestown, Wis., where I had acquired some of the bad habits I am greatly troubled with dyspepsia, and after eating hares have had severe pains in the region of my head. I have written to congratulate you on the happy combination you have gotten up in Hipans Tablets, and saw their advertisement in the Oregonian, but there are so many nostrums put out to gull innocent people that I was loath to try them. About two months

ago a friend came into my shop just after lunch time and I was feeling a little bit off my stomach. He felt very bad. He took a little carton out of his vest pocket and handed me two Tardules and said to me to get some water and take them. I did and from that day I have not been without my Tardules nor had any such disagreeable feelings. I take one or two after each meal and my food does me much more good than I did fifty years ago. With hearty thanks to you, one of the best of poor humanity, myself included, am I, Sir, CHAS. A. FORD, 1501 Broadway, New York, one of your customers since 1897.

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